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DAREDEVIL
HUMAN'S FATHOM
PART ONE OF FIVE
DIRECT EDITION
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ALPHABET CITY.
MANHATTAN.
EVEN THE DARKNESS CANNOT CONCEAL THE MORE UNSAVORY ASPECT OF THIS SECTION OF THE CITY.
HOW MANY TIMES I GOTTA TELL YA NOT TA COME 'ROUND HERE?
THE RESIDENTS HERE DON'T HAVE MUCH TO LOSE.
I'M TALKIN' AT YA HERE! PEOPLE DON'T PAY ME GOOD RENT MONEY HERE TA HAVE TA SMELL YOU--
AND THEY PROTECT WHAT IS THEIRS.
YA NEVER LISTEN.
SLUGGER
YA BEEN WARNED--
YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE.
--NOW YER GONNA PAY--

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

FATHOMS OF HUMANITY

-PART ONE OF FIVE-

HELP UNWANTED

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NOBODY TRIES TO BRAIN THE COLLEGE KIDS SIFTING THROUGH TRASH FOR DORM FURNITURE...
...OR WOULD YOU TREAT THEM WITH AS MUCH DISRESPECT?
HOW WOULD YOU DEAL WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF MAIMING A MAN WHO WAS ONLY TRYING TO SURVIVE?
HEY! NOBODY ASKED YA TA TAKE OVER FOR THE REAL DAREDEVIL, BUB!
AN' THE HOMELESS FREAKS'RE NUTSO! ONE OF 'EM STABBED A TENANT LAST WEEK!
WE DON'T WANT 'EM AROUND, AN' ASKIN' DON'T DO NO GOOD, SO 'LESS YA--
HYPER-ACUTE HEARING HONES IN ON A SOUND FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE RANTINGS OF AN UNDERPAID SUPERINTENDENT.
A SOUND THAT REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.
RIGHT. WHEN A TAX-PAYIN' CITIZEN'S GOT A BEEF, YOU COSTUMES JUST TAKE OFF. NOBODY ASKED ANY OF YA TA TAKE UP RESIDENCE HERE!

SHOULD HAVE JUST GOTTEN OUT WITHOUT THE FUSS!
THOR
Ohhh!
MA'AM-- ARE YOU HURT?
omigod-omigod!
TEDDY! HE TOOK TEDDY! MY BABY! MY BABY'S IN THE CAR!
THE LEVELS OF INHUMANITY BRED INTO TODAY'S CRIMINAL MAKE A BLIND MAN SEE RED.
NO SIGHTED MAN WOULD DARE LEAP FROM A SPEEDING CAR TOP.
HOBOKEN EXP.
PICKING OUT THE SOUND OF A LEXUS'S ENGINE FROM THE THIRTY OR SO SURROUNDING VEHICLES WOULD SEEM AN IMPOSSIBILITY...
THUMP
TRANSIT
BUT THEN NO SIGHTED MAN HAS EVER LAID CLAIM TO THE TITLE OF MAN WITHOUT FEAR.

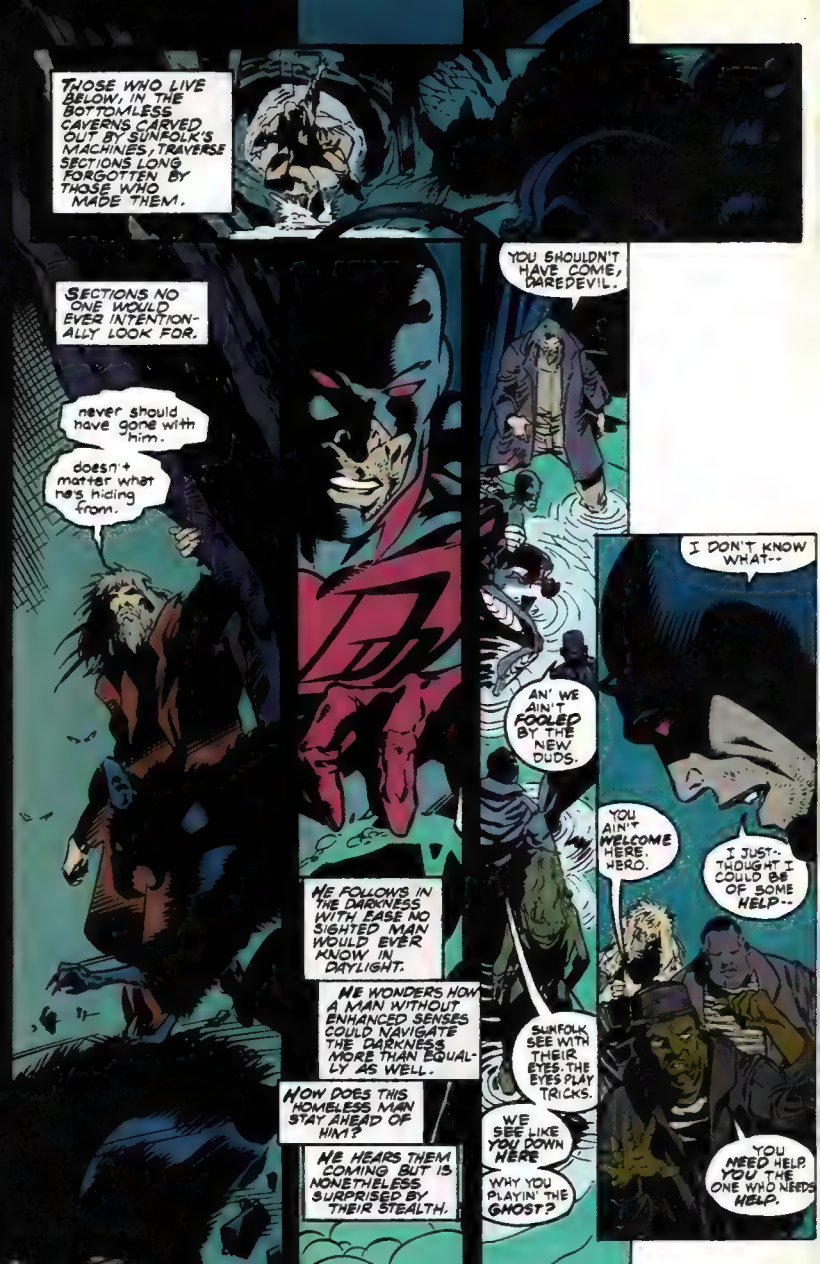
THINGS ARE NEVER QUITE WHAT THEY SEEM.
THUMP
Huh?
THOKK
I DON'T THINK SO--
AEE!!
SKREEEEEEEEEEEEEE
WHOK
heehee nee
LAUGHTER CONVEYS THE UNSEEN EXPRESSION.

I--
NO! GET AWAY FROM ME--
--PLEASE DON'T--
I ONLY WANT TO--
YOU WANNA JUST BACK OFF THERE, SKANK!
THAT'S RIGHT, KEEP RESISTIN'. GIVE US THE EXCUSE!
OFFICERS, THAT MAN IS NO THREAT! I ADVISE YOU TO AVOID BEING BROUGHT UP ON BRUTALITY CHARGES.
THAP
MA'AM. I BELIEVE THIS BELONGS TO YOU--
I SAID ON YOUR KNEES, SKANK!
OH, THANK THE LORD! TEDDY!
THAT'S IT. I'LL SEE THAT CHARGES ARE BROUGHT--
HE CANNOT HELP SPEAKING AS THE LAWYER HE ONCE WAS.
A MAN IN A MASK BRINGIN' CHARGES? YOU LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE, PAL?
NO. AND I'D ADVISE YOU NOT TO LOOK FOR IT, EITHER.
I'M TAKING THIS MAN TO ONE OF THE CITY SHELTERS.
YOU DON'T OBJECT, DO YOU?

EVEN THE MORE AFFLUENT SECTIONS OF TOWN HAVE THEIR DARK SIDE...
...IS A VERY IMPORTANT DELIVERY.
OKIE DOKIE, RALPHIE AN' I CAN HANDLE IT.
REMEMBER. CASH ON DELIVERY.
ED--THE MAN AIN'T GONNA LIKE US SOCIALIZIN' WITH THE UPTOWN SQUAD.
QUIT BUGGIN'.
THE MAN AIN'T GOT THE POWER HE USED TO.
THE MAN'S ON THE STREET NOW.
AN' THE STREET AIN'T NOTHIN' COMPARED TO WHAT WE GOT GOIN' ON BELOW.
THE MAN'S A COMMON THUG. WE JUST DOIN' WHAT WE GOTTA DO FOR THE COMMUNITY.
THE MAN IS STILL FISK.
AN' FISK WAS THE HEART OF THIS CITY.
HE'S EARNED A LEVEL OF RESPECT.

--WITH A MASTERS IN SOCIOLOGY AND THIS IS ALL I CAN GET?
I WANT OUT OF THIS ROACH MOTEL ASAP.
CITY SHELTERS SHOULD PROVIDE SOME TYPE OF SANCTUARY...
NEW BLOOD.
WITH THE AMOUNT OF MONEY THE CITY POURS INTO THESE SHELTERS, I CAN'T BELIEVE THE CONDITIONS ARE WORSE THAN THE STREET--
HEY-- GET ON YOUR SOAPBOX NEAR SOMEONE WHO CARES.
NICE DAY
THE BAG. SHARE IT.
YOU GOT BUTTS? BOOZE?
THE STINGING SCENT OF LIGHTER FLUID YANKS HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE DISTURBANCE.
YAAHH!
AS THE AIR FILLS WITH SULPHUR AND BURNING FIBERS, HE VAULTS INTO ACTION.
SOME OF THE OTHER HOMELESS RUSH TO PUT OUT THE FLAMES.
NOT OUT OF KINDNESS, BUT SO THEY MIGHT TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO LIFT WHATEVER POSSESSION MIGHT BE IN THE POCKETS OF THE BURNING RAGS.
WAIT--

THE HOMELESS MAN DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A TRACE BEFORE DAREDEVIL CAN REACH THE STREET.
HE LEAVES AN ODOR TRAIL STRONG ENOUGH FOR EVEN ONE WITHOUT ENHANCED SENSES TO FOLLOW.
AGILITY SEEMINGLY COMES FROM NOWHERE.
THERE IS FAR MORE TO THIS MAN THAN ONE MIGHT PERCEIVE.
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF HIM...
WHO CARES, JUST ONE MORE PIECE A' CRUD OFF THE STREET.
MAN, I HOPE THIS AIN'T GONNA MEAN 'NOTHER DELAY!
I THINK I SEE A HAND--
BELOW THE PLATFORMS ARE CARVED-OUT TUNNELS.
TUNNELS USED BY THOSE WHO LIVE BELOW.
TUNNELS HIDDEN FROM THE SUNFOLK.
OH MY GOD!
STOP HIM!
WHOOONNNKK
NOT SURE JUST WHY I'M GOING TO ALL THIS TROUBLE.


THOSE WHO LIVE BELOW, IN THE BOTTOMLESS CAVERNS CARVED OUT BY SUNFOLK'S MACHINES, TRAVERSE SECTIONS LONG FORGOTTEN BY THOSE WHO MADE THEM.
SECTIONS NO ONE WOULD EVER INTENTIONALLY LOOK FOR.
never should have gone with him.
doesn't matter what he's hiding from.
HE FOLLOWS IN THE DARKNESS WITH EASE NO SIGHTED MAN WOULD EVER KNOW IN DAYLIGHT.
HE WONDERS HOW A MAN WITHOUT ENHANCED SENSES COULD NAVIGATE THE DARKNESS MORE THAN EQUALLY AS WELL.
HOW DOES THIS HOMELESS MAN STAY AHEAD OF HIM?
HE HEARS THEM COMING BUT IS NONETHELESS SURPRISED BY THEIR STEALTH.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME, DAREDEVIL.
AN' WE AIN'T FOOLED BY THE NEW DUDS.
SUNFOLK SEE WITH THEIR EYES. THE EYES PLAY TRICKS.
WE SEE LIKE YOU DOWN HERE
WHY YOU PLAYIN' THE GHOST?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT--
YOU AIN'T WELCOME HERE, HERO.
I JUST-- THOUGHT I COULD BE OF SOME HELP--
YOU NEED HELP. YOU THE ONE WHO NEEDS HELP.

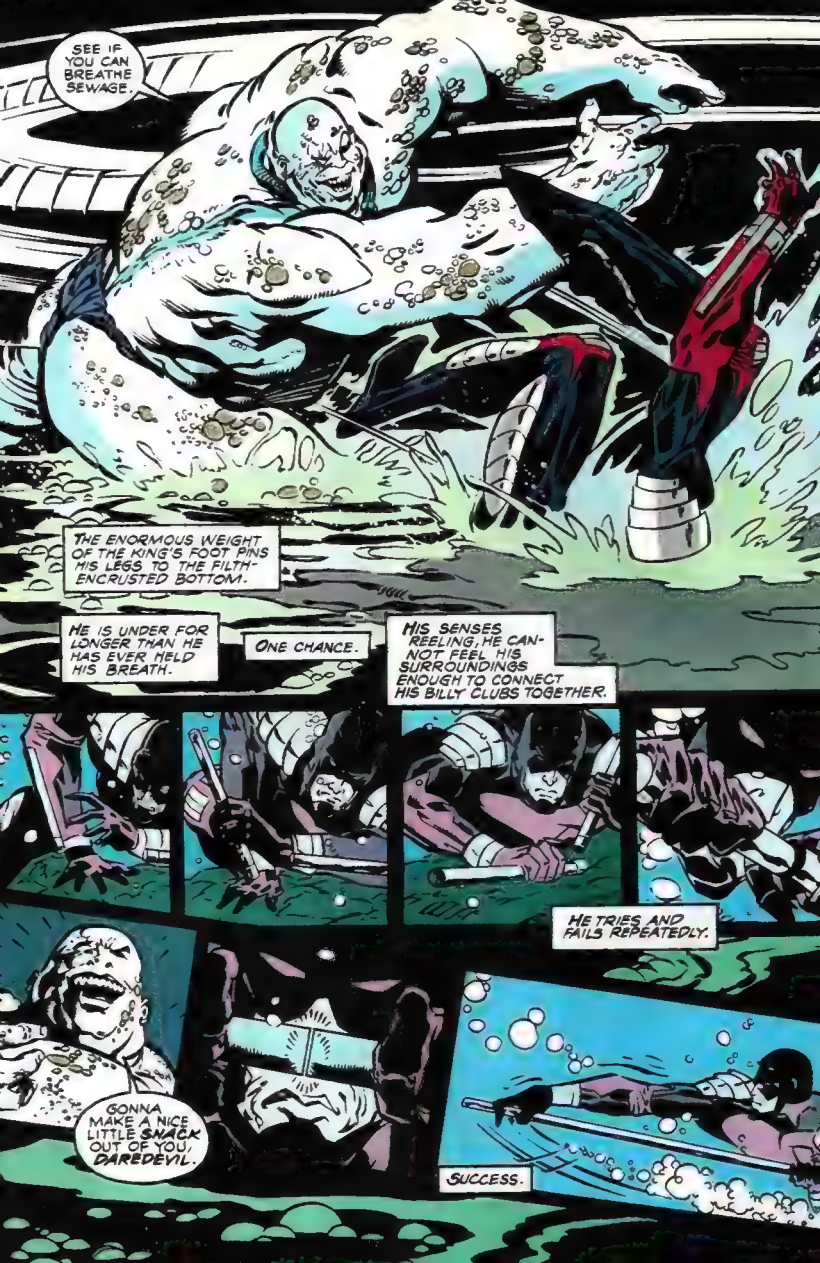
Ahhh! YOU SEE? SEE WHAT YOU BROUGHT DOWN HERE?
WHATTAYA KNOW. HE LED US RIGHT TO THEM LOWLIFES.
I HATE THIS BEAT, MAN. I HATE THOSE PEOPLE SHOULD JUST PUT 'EM OUT OF OUR MISERY.
EVEN YOU ARE NOT SAFE DOWN HERE, DAREDEVIL. I SUGGEST YOU FOLLOW ME.
YOU MAY CALL ME JOSHUA, FOR AS LONG AS YOU ARE PERMITTED TO REMAIN BELOW.
PERMITTED?
THERE MUST BE REASONS BEHIND THE TASTE OF INFORMATION SO FREELY DOLED OUT TO HIM.
REASONS BETTER LEFT ALONE.

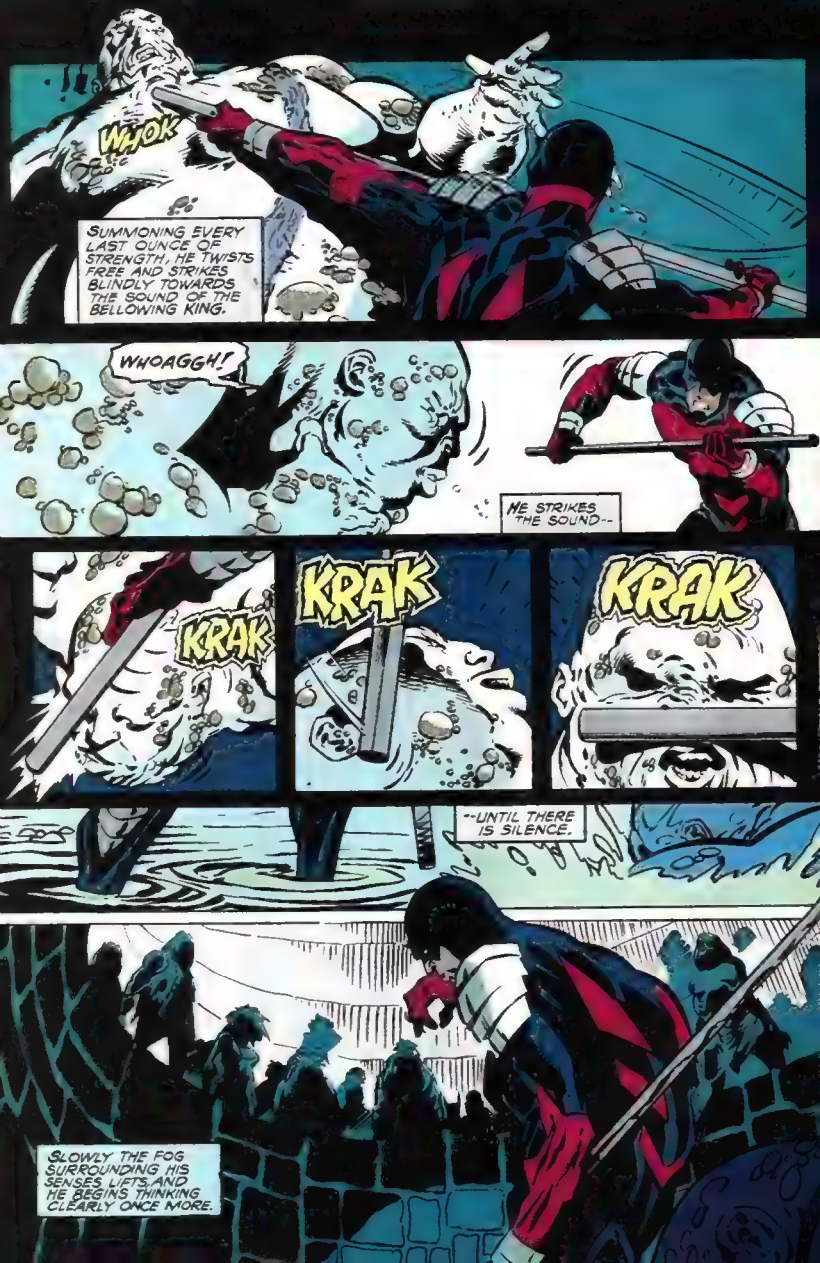
UPTOWN MANHATTAN.
THE LATEST IN A SERIES OF SERIAL BOMBINGS THAT HAVE KEPT COLORFUL IMAGES OF FIRE AND SMOKE ON THE LOCAL NEWSCASTS.
--LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! LOOK AT MY BUSINESS!
NO BUSINESS HERE ANYMORE. INSURANCE WILL NEVER COVER ME AGAIN.
MR. HUY, LET'S GET BACK TO THE POINT. I NEED BETTER DESCRIPTIONS OF THE TWO MEN YOU BELIEVE PLANTED THE BOMBS...
I TOLD YOU. BLACK MEN. WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? THEY ALL HATE US.
ONE WAS BIG AND FAT. THE OTHER SKINNY WITH A HAT. SMELL LIKE GARBAGE.
I CHASE THEM AWAY MANY TIMES. NAME'S RALPHIE --AND ED, I THINK.
PUBLIC'S GONNA GO WILD OVER THIS ONE. SINCE A PUBLIC OFFICIAL FINALLY GOT CAUGHT IN ONE OF THESE, MAYBE SOMETHING'LL GET DONE.
AWWW... DO... NOT ANOTHER KID...

WHILE BELOW, ANOTHER TYPE OF SMOKE FILLS THE AIR...
...THAT CAUSED BY RAT HAIR SINGEING AND CATCHING FIRE.
AIN'T SHARIN' ANY O' THIS TRACK RABBIT WITH YOU, HERO.
NO PROBLEM. I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE ANY APPETITE FOR A WEEK OR SO.
I'D BE WILLING TO GET YOU SOME REAL FOOD AND CLOTHING IF YOU'D TELL ME HOW YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT ME--
YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT--
DON'T WANT YOUR HELP. DON'T WANT YOU HERE.
OTHERS WOULDA ROASTED YOUR SORRY BUTT 'STEAD OF THE TRACK RABBIT.
BE GRATEFUL AND LEAVE.
YOU STOP FEEDIN' HIM BITS AND PIECES THAT KEEP HIM HERE ASKING QUESTIONS.
THIS GAME HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH.
YOU'VE GOT HISTORY DOWN HERE. YOU TOOK A MAN'S HONOR. YOU TOOK A TRIBE'S KING AND QUEEN--
YOU'RE BEING USED.
YOU MUST GET OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

IT'S ALREADY TOO LATE, HAS-BEEN.
THE GRAVELLY VOICE SCRAPES HIS EARDRUMS LIKE A RAKE ON A BLACKBOARD.
THE VOICE IS UNNERVINGLY FAMILIAR AND LONG FORGOTTEN.
IT'S TIME TO TAKE BACK WHAT YOU STOLE, DAREDEVIL.
THIS IS MY DOMAIN, AND YOU ARE TRESPASSING ONCE AGAIN.
YOU DO REMEMBER THE KING, DON'T YOU, MAGGOT?
THE KING.
YEARS AGO DAREDEVIL FOUGHT THE KING AND TOOK HIS QUEEN.
THE QUEEN WAS WILSON FISK'S WIFE-- VANESSA
FISK WAS THE KINGPIN.
HOW LONG AGO WAS IT?

HE IS LED TO A MAKESHIFT ARENA OF SORTS.
IN REALITY, IT SERVES AS A DUMPING PIT FROM THE OVERFLOW OF THE CITY'S NUMEROUS SEWAGE SYSTEMS.
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS FOR A LONG TIME.
I'M SURE.
THOK
I'M ALSO SURE YOU'VE GOT NO CHANCE.
Oh?


SEE IF YOU CAN BREATHE SEWAGE.
THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT OF THE KING'S FOOT PINS HIS LEGS TO THE FILTH-ENCRUSTED BOTTOM.
HE IS UNDER FOR LONGER THAN HE HAS EVER HELD HIS BREATH.
ONE CHANCE.
HIS SENSES REELING, HE CANNOT FEEL HIS SURROUNDINGS ENOUGH TO CONNECT HIS BILLY CLUBS TOGETHER.
HE TRIES AND FAILS REPEATEDLY.
GONNA MAKE A NICE LITTLE SNACK OUT OF YOU, DAREDEVIL.
SUCCESS.


WHOK
SUMMONING EVERY LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, HE TWISTS FREE AND STRIKES BLINDLY TOWARDS THE SOUND OF THE BELLOWING KING.
WHOAGGH!
HE STRIKES THE SOUND--
KRAK
KRAK
KRAK
--UNTIL THERE IS SILENCE.
SLOWLY THE FOG SURROUNDING HIS SENSES LIFTS, AND HE BEGINS THINKING CLEARLY ONCE MORE.

HE IS NO KILLER.
HE WOULD NOT LEAVE ANY MAN TO DROWN.
I THINK I'M ENTITLED TO THOSE ANSWERS NOW.
HE'S MEAT--
NO. HE'S NOT MEAT. HE'S--
WE CARVE HIM UP-- SHARE THE FOOD!
HE'S MEAT!
IT AIN'T FOR YOU TO JUDGE!
MAYBE YOU'RE MEAT AS WELL!

FABRIC WON'T TEAR LIKE MOST!
PEEL HIM!
DON'T FORCE ME TO HURT YOU-
YOU WILL HAVE TO HURT THEM, OR THEY WILL MOST ASSUREDLY EAT YOU!
RALPHIE, ED-- YOU WILL HELP ME.
WE OWE HIM FOR TAKING CARE OF THE KING.
GUESS HE MIGHT BE KINDA WEAK FROM THE FIGHT...
JOSHUA MOVES WITH SKILLS THAT HAVE TO HAVE BEEN HONED OVER THE YEARS.
SKILLS THAT MUST HAVE BEEN USED WITH FREQUENCY AT ONE TIME.
GIVE HIM TO US, JOSHUA. LET US GIVE HIM TO FISK. HE WOULD BE VERY SUR-PRISED--
FISK? YOU MEAN WILSON FISK?

SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE MAZE OF THE SUBWAY SYSTEM, WILSON FISK LAUGHS.
heh, heh. "BOMBING LINKED TO UNDERGROUND DRUG TRAFFICKERS."
HOW UNABASHEDLY CLUMSY.
Hmmm.
PERHAPS I MIGHT GAIN FROM THE FOLLY OF THOSE WHO TREAD WHERE THEY ARE NOT YET SAVVY...
TO BE CONTINUED

ELEKTRA report

Where's Dan?

Where's Scott?

Where's Hector?

WHERE'S WALDO!?

The tall beanpole in the striped shirt, funny glasses and the tuque can be found hidden in his own series of books. Us other three social social misfits are hidden away working on a ferociously exciting new mini-series coming your way this winter.

ELEKTRA: *Root of Evil.*

Leastaways, that's what we're calling it at the moment. And its goal is to deliver on everything we promised when we brought her back into the pages of DAREDEVIL. In the four issues of her new mini-series — each with 32 pages of art and story, on high quality paper and in-between card-stock covers — we're opening Elektra up to a high-gear adventure that's going to reveal mysteries of her past, while firmly establishing her character as a contender for the future.

What kind of entertainment value can you expect for your comic dollar? Old lovers reunited as ruthless enemies. A ninja mission to build an elite squad of Chaste warriors. Searing battlegrounds that circle the globe. A sword of ancient power. Tekagi and the Snakeroot out for revenge. The power of a young woman's

dreams, the terror of her nightmares. A lecherous cyborg named Garrett. Tooth-and-nail ritual combat. And maybe even an appearance by a certain hornheaded street-fighter.

It wasn't an easy choice to step back from DAREDEVIL'S monthly adventures, but we've got a responsibility to see that Elektra moves forward just as breakneck, just as unexpectedly as everything else we've done (and continue to do) with the rest of DAREDEVIL'S "universe." Tired retreads of old routines don't interest us ("Been there. . .done that."). More importantly, retelling stories that have already been told just isn't fair to you as a reader. Radical, runaway directions present themselves once you get to thinking about 'em, once you let the characters take over and thunder forward.

And believe me, when a lady like Elektra wants to take control, you don't argue.

Watch this space over the course of the next four issues (DAREDEVIL #334 through #337). While Gregory Wright and Tom Grindberg rock with Daredevil up front, they're letting me, Hector, and Scott up for the occasional breath of air back here. We'll be taking that time and this space to give you glimpses of Elektra in action, as well as exclusive "behind-the-scenes" reports of what we're charging up to set loose.

Last time we sent out the word we were cooking up something that'd kick, we delivered with what would start in DAREDEVIL #319 and became *Fall From Grace*. 'Course, there were some folks then didn't listen.

This winter: ELEKTRA: *Root of Evil.*

Consider yourself warned.

D.G. Chichester
hidden away
typing feverishly
June 1994